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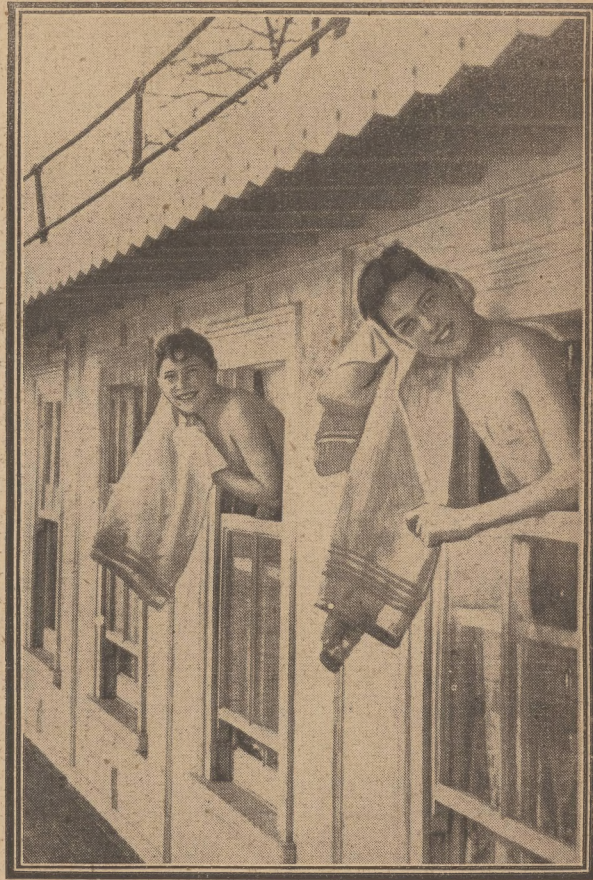
SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1923

One Penny.

FIFTY YEARS' HEAT RECORD FOR MAY BEATEN



At London's open-air baths. The right kind of tea party for the weather conditions.



Perfectly happy after a dip from a houseboat at Hampton Court



Enjoying rest and refreshment in the shade of Hyde Park elms.



A City messenger-boy much more concerned with comfort than appearances—and not in a hurry!



Great sport! Making mountains in the sandpit in Victoria Gardens, just by the Houses of Parliament.



Even after a cooler in the Serpentine the dog is still too limp to emerge without assistance.

Standing at 68deg. in the shade at breakfast time yesterday, the temperature steadily mounted until in the early afternoon it had very closely approached the sweltering "eighties." The majority of people were caught unprepared in the matter of clothing,

and it was a limp and perspiring crowd that endured the heat and burden of the day. Every place and every thing that held out a promise of some cool relief from the grilling heat was a point of attraction to young and old. Water revels were in high favour,

SQUEAK CALLS ON DR. FARNELL. Pets' Glorious Welcome at Oxford.

WILFRED BANNED!

Hall Porter Forbids Rabbits —Penguin "So Ladylike."

A wonderful day of adventure, hair-breadth escapes and other thrills has come to an end at last, and Pip, Squeak and Wilfred are safely back on the road to London.

Quite expecting to be burned or arrested and imprisoned, the pets received instead a most tumultuous welcome from only from undergraduates, but from Fellows and Doctors and other dignitaries of the University. Squeak even called on Dr. Farnell, the Vice-Chancellor, and, although that gentleman was out, Squeak was royally entertained by the undergraduates of Exeter College.

Children scrambled over the pets' house, but they were too safely guarded to receive injury. A cordon of undergraduates restored order, and Squeak came out of her house.

WILFRED DISGUSTED.

Nearly Makes Himself Ill with Parsley After Being "Forbidden."

From Our Special Correspondent.

OXFORD, Friday.
Squeak was looking her best with a little collar of dark blue and a bow round her neck. She bobbed her head and crowded cheerily. "Aren't these nice big boys," she seemed to say. "They don't really look a bit unhappy." Then some police managed to get near enough to tell Pip that he and his friends must "move on," otherwise their names and addresses would be taken.

At the entrance gates of Christ Church undergraduates roared themselves hoarse. The hall porter, however, would not let us enter. He had, he said, strict orders not to admit us. "Can't Wilfred come? he's only a tiny rabbit," I said.

"No, sir," said the hall porter, "I am not allowed to admit even rabbits."

SARDINES AND WHITEBAIT!

The crowd outside became so great that the pets were in danger of being suffocated. Then it was that the Bishop of Buckingham invited them into his garden.

Here it was that Squeak was regaled with a special meal of sardines and whitebait, and Wilfred was in danger of making himself really ill with parsley.

Following a visit to Christ Church Meadows, where there was a rapturous crowd of children, we went on to Exeter College, where Pip and Squeak had made up their minds to see the Vice-Chancellor.

Squeak was informed at the entrance gates that Dr. Farnell was out, and that if she wanted to see him she must wait for an appointment.

The undergraduates, however, were more hospitable, and the pets were invited on to the lawns of the College, from which Pip ultimately disappeared into the kitchen of the dining hall.

SQUEAK'S CHIEF INTEREST.

Squeak's chief interest in Exeter College was not, however, Dr. Farnell or even the crowds of undergraduates, but—the college pigeons.

As she waddled on to the lawn her little eyes brightened as she saw these birds fluttering about. She crept over to them and croaked—at least she seemed to croak. "Oh, little birds, may I play with you?"

However, the pigeons and the sparrows were a little scared of this queer-looking bird, and flew away to the college roof.

A little disappointed, Squeak went straight to the college kitchens, where she had a dainty meal of filled fish.

Various other colleges were visited, and everywhere the pets had a tremendous reception.

Squeak was easily the favourite of the day. Dozens of undergraduates told me they would like to keep her at Oxford for good. As one of them said, "She is so ladylike!"

"HE IS NOT IN."

Attempted Interview with Dr. Farnell to Apologise for Squeak.

I have again attempted to interview the Vice-Chancellor. Being told that it was thought he was now in (although he was out when Squeak paid her informal visit), I rang his bell.

The butler evidently mistook me for a species of paper Robot, and I hastened to assure him I was a real human being.

"Will you ask Dr. Farnell if he will see me?" I requested.

"Sir," replied the butler, "the Vice-Chancellor is not in."

"But I have just told you that he is in!"

"Sir," replied the butler with Johnsonian dignity, "I have already stated that the Vice-Chancellor is not in."

The butler and I immediately bowed to each other with old-world courtesy. So I departed.

I wanted to apologise for Squeak. She had called without making an appointment in writing. (Photograph is on Page 6.)

PEARL MYSTERY.

Theft Charge Said to Involve £170,000.

DEALER IN DOCK.

Oriental pearls, valued at £14,395 10s., were alleged to have been stolen by Steven Ronchi, forty-four, an Italian dealer, who appeared at the Mansion House yesterday.

A detective-inspector said Ronchi, when taken to the Old Jewry Police Station, made a voluntary statement. Mr. W. Frampton, the detective, asked that it might not be read at this stage. Witness said he had ascertained that the defendant had been in business as a dealer for eighteen years.

Mr. Huxtable, for the prosecution, said there were other charges against Ronchi, involving in all £170,000.

The prosecutors were Messrs. Benjamin Warwick and Co., dealers in Oriental pearls in Lombard-street, and the defendant was entrusted with a valuable bunch of pearls on approbation.

On numerous occasions he excused himself from producing the pearls. He eventually admitted that he could not produce these particular pearls.

William Waterlow adjourned the case for a week, and said he would take bail in £10,000 and sureties in £10,000.

£14,000 PEARLS.

Lost Between London and Lisbon from Registered Postal Packet.

Pearls valued at between £13,000 and £14,000 are missing from a registered postal packet that was sent from London to Lisbon.

Two registered packets were dispatched on March 28 to a man in Lisbon, and at his request redirected to Barcelona. The seals of the parcel were found tampered with and the pearls were missing.

At the Lisbon Post Office the weight of the packet was different from that registered in London. It is surmised that the pearls were extracted between London and Lisbon.

The contents of the parcel were:—

A necklace of sixty-three pearls weighing thirty-four grammes,
A fine round pearl weighing forty grains,
Two pearls weighing fifty-eight grains,
Six pearls weighing 184 grains.

A reward for information leading to the recovery of the pearls is offered by Messrs. Tyler and Co., of 45, Holborn Viaduct, London.

CUP FINAL MONEY BACK.

F.A. Decide on Redress for Ticket-holders Who Were Squeezed Out.

Ticketholders who were "squeezed out" of the Wembley Stadium during the Cup Final chaos last Saturday are to have their money refunded.

The F.A. yesterday stated that upon production of any tickets with counterfeit attached it will return the cost to holders who were prevented from taking their seats.

The tickets should be sent with stamped, addressed envelope, to "Final Ticket, F.A., 42, Russell-square, London, W.C. 1, before Monday, May 14.

The British Empire Exhibition last night issued the following official figures of the attendance at the Cup final: Ticket-holders, 58,527; paid at turnstiles, 90,520; total, 129,047.

These figures do not include the people who rushed the barriers without paying.

DIED AT GOLF.

Man Drops Dead After Saying "That Was a Good Shot."

After playing an excellent shot in a three-ball match, Mr. Brooks, a member of Sudbury Golf Club, dropped dead on the links.

He remarked to one of his opponents: "That was a good shot. I knew it was going to be, I felt so comfortable." Mr. Brooks was about to say "comfortable" when he expired.

DUKE'S UNCONVENTIONAL PLAN.

The Duke of Devonshire, Secretary for the Colonies, speaking last night at the annual dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce, threw out the suggestion that the Colonial Secretary should take an early opportunity of departing from Downing-street and make a tour of the Empire.

BANDITS FOIL RESCUE ATTEMPT.

An unsuccessful attempt to rescue Mr. H. C. Rowson, the kidnapped London man, has been made by Chinese volunteers, says a Hong Kong report to Reuters, and adds that one of his servants has been released by the bandits in order to carry an appeal from Mr. Rowson to his firm.

NO CAP AND APRON.

Why Girls Revolt Against Domestic Service.

MOTHERS' INFLUENCE.

Why girls dislike domestic service was revealed at the first sitting, at the Ministry of Labour yesterday, of the committee of women appointed to inquire into (among other things) the effect of unemployment insurance on the supply of domestics.

Chief reasons stated for the shortage were:—(1) Changed social habits and wider prospects of industrial work; (2) higher standard of education; (3) mothers' wish to give their girls a better time than they had.

The first witness was Mr. J. W. Phillips, principal assistant secretary of the Employment and Insurance Department of the Ministry of Labour, who explained the working of the unemployment insurance scheme, and said there were 300,000 unemployed women on the register.

Asked who desired what was suitable employment, Mr. Phillips explained that in the first place the officials at the Exchange would decide, but the applicant had the right to appeal to the chief insurance officer in London, and by successive steps to a court of referees, who made the final decision.

Replying to Mrs. Fardell, Mr. Phillips said that it was a fact that, as a rule, it was easier to get a girl to take up service in an hotel than in a private house.

GERMANY'S RUSE.

Striking Article on Latest Offer in To-morrow's "Sunday Pictorial."

To-morrow's issue of the Sunday Pictorial will be a particularly attractive one.

Mr. Loyat Fraser has written a striking article entitled "Germany Wants Us to Pay!" on the subject of the latest German offer.

The German Note Mr. Fraser describes as grossly defiant. Germany is able to pay, and must quickly submit if we back up France. The article, when it is written, will be a most interesting article by well-known writers, the first long instalment of an appealing new serial by Mr. Clifford Hosken will be published in to-morrow's Sunday Pictorial.

"POINTED AT" BRIDE.

Wife's Story of Honeymoon 'Meals Alone at an Hotel.

That her husband made her drive in a motor car in a blitzard and complained that she had concealed the fact that her mother was a Nonconformist, was stated in the Divorce Court yesterday, when a wife was granted a judicial separation with costs—legal cruelty being found—and the custody of the two children.

She was Mrs. Gladys Ellen Teale, of Harewood, Finner. Her husband, Major Joseph Teale, a mining engineer, denied the allegations, affirming in evidence that her account of the honeymoon was "grossly exaggerated." Mrs. Teale said they were married in 1911.

The honeymoon was spent at an hotel at Chester. Her husband, she said, spent most of the time in bed, saying he had a cold. She had to go down to meals alone, "to be pointed at by the people in the hotel as the bride who was left alone by her husband on the honeymoon."

SUBMARINE EXPLOITS.

Bounty Claims by Commander Who Forced Nets in Sea of Marmora.

Daring exploits by British submarines in the Sea of Marmora were recalled in the Prize Court yesterday, when Commander Kenneth Mervyn Bruce, D.S.O., of the E 12, claimed bounty for the destruction of twenty-five craft.

He said he forced his way through the nets, and on June 25 dropped a shot across the bows of two Turkish steamers having in tow five dhows. Commanded Bruce sank the Halitch and two dhows with his 6-pounder and rifles, and twenty-seven men were judged to have gone down.

On September 16 he again proceeded through the nets and sank six sailing vessels in a bay near Palermo. Their crews, thirty all told, fled ashore. The Judge awarded £135 for the sinking of the Halitch and her two dhows, and adjourned the hearing of the other cases.

HOBBS' BID FOR 100 HUNDREDS.

Jack Hobbs will be on his mettle to-day in the match against Somerset to achieve a wonderful double event—namely, score the first century against Somerset, the only first-class county against which he has not made one, and wash out the last century, equalling the feats of Grace, who made 126, and Hayward, who made 104.

PORTRAIT YEAR AT ACADEMY.

Famous People Admire Themselves in Oils.

NOPROBLEMPICTURE

"Donoghue Up" Painting Entrances a Bishop.

Fashion and beauty flocked to the Royal Academy yesterday, when the private view of the summer exhibition was held.

It was an unusually brilliant social function this year. Everybody one had heard about, read about or seen seemed to be there. Strolling through the crowded galleries you rubbed shoulders with diplomats, Cabinet Ministers, members of both Houses of Parliament and most of the leading lights in the Church and the worlds of art, music, drama.

There is an unusually large number of portraits in the Academy this year, but there is no problem picture.

THEIR PORTRAITS.

Famous People Admire Paintings of Themselves by Great Artists.

Early arrivals included the Lord Chancellor, Lord Leverhulme; Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C., Cardinal Bourne and Sir Edward Shortt. Later on came the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, the Viscountess Curzon, a Megan Lloyd George, and a whole host of other well-known women.

In the exquisitely dressed throng were a number of men and women whose portraits hung on the walls.

The Duke of Rutland, for instance, with a scarlet malmalson in his coat, stood near a party of Americans while they gazed at the striking picture of himself by Mr. Richard Jack.

Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, again, overheard one admirer of his picture confide to a friend that he "looked quite judicial," while Lady Curzon stood for quite a while by the large portrait of herself by Sir John Lavery.

At one time several Bishops were admiring the racehorse studies of Mr. A. J. Munnings.

The Bishop of London stood entrance before "Humorist and Donoghue being led out for the Derby, 1922."

"What fine catin skin," was his comment. On the whole, however, this year's Academy strikes one as being disappointing.

WHITE TOPPERS.

There is an exceptionally large number of portraits, but portraits of modern celebrities, however well done and however distinguished the artist, are generally pretty dull.

All day long the galleries were crowded with men and women.

There were some wonderful toils: one woman looked picturesque with a couple of "patches." A large number of men displayed tall white hats.

There were no summer girls until after mid-day, when Lady Donville brought in pretty Miss Cynthia Noble in a fresh crisp pink organ die frock trimmed with little pleatings running from waist to hem and a pink hat.

Lady Grey of Fallodon arrived soon afterwards with her tall artist son, Stephen Tennant, and she wore a pale green gown with plaits at the side all picot-edged and a wide Tuscan straw hat.

Dorrence, Lady Garvagh, had put on a summer hat, a huge affair of pale mauve chiffon trimmed with pale violas and tied with dark strings under the chin.

The Duchess of Sutherland met summer half-way in a green moroccano dress embroidered heavily with darker green soutache and a black mushroom hat.

Lady Curzon wore a startling gown of the new black moiré mousmé.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day is 9.26 p.m.

The Prince of Wales visits Bath and West Show on May 10.

Harry Weldon, the music-hall comedian, is lying seriously ill at his home at Maids Vale.

Miner's 600 feet Fall.—Harry Latham, of Wigan, who fell 600 feet down a pit shaft, was drowned.

Clue in Bottle.—Lewis Harris, of Newton Abbott, who was drowned in a canal, left a message in a bottle.

Grief for Pet Dog.—After losing her pet dog, Jane Borwick, fifty, of Southport, gassed herself. Verdict: Suicide while insane.

"Are You There?" in Court.—Even with a telephone counsel was unable to make a deaf prisoner hear at the Old Bailey yesterday.

Wife Murder Plot Sentence.—John Kersie was sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Manchester yesterday for inciting a man to murder Mrs. Kersie.

Non-Stop Susie.—A "Hello record" in dish-washing is claimed by Susie Hellock, who has washed up at the Old Bailey hotel for thirty-one hours without stopping.—Reuter.

Mr. Churchill's Discovery.—"There are worse things than private life."—Mr. Churchill to the Aldwych Club yesterday at his first public appearance since his General Election defeat at Dundee.

DON'T MISS OUR LONDON SEASON NUMBER ON MONDAY.
ORDER NOW.

MAY HEAT WAVE BREAKS RECORD FOR HALF CENTURY

Shade Temperature of 83 Beats Last Year's Highest in First Ten Days of Month.

RISK OF THUNDER IN TO-DAY'S FORECAST

Bathing Carnival at Resorts—Everybody Eager to Revel in Sunshine—Trek to Country Lanes.

May, which has specialised in heat waves, set up another record yesterday, when the top shade temperature registered in the country—83deg.—was the highest in the first ten days of the month for fifty years.

In London the maximum of 81deg. was reached, and in Kingsway twelve hours of sunshine was registered. There was a leap of 14deg. in the temperature as compared with the previous day, and if that rate of progress is maintained to-day the "reading" will exceed last year's shade record for the "merry month" of 85deg.

Straw hats, flimsy frocks, parasols, and flannels all made their appearance even in the sweltering towns and cities. Bus and charabanc trips to the leafy countryside were much in demand. By the sea, bathing, boating and sand revels were enjoyed.

The forecast for to-day says the weather will be very warm, with a slight risk of thunder.

PARASOL GIRLS HAPPY LORD CURZON ON BRITISH REPARATIONS POLICY.

Child Paddlers at Fountains in Trafalgar Square.

12 HOURS SUNSHINE

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.—Fine at first, but slight risk of thunder later. Some mist at times. Very warm during the day. WEEK-END FORECAST.—Probably less settled, but considerable fair periods. Continuing rather warm.

May, the "merry month," is beginning to make a habit of heat waves.

London and the South of England enjoyed a gentle grilling yesterday in a sun which drove down with power more like the sweltering days of July and mid-August.

Temperature records bid fair to go by the board if the hot spell remains. Last May set up the highest "shade" figures by recording 85deg.

So far as the first ten days of the month are concerned, yesterday was a record. In the last fifty years the highest previously known was 77.3 in the shade on May 8 last year. Yesterday 81 were recorded at Kensington Palace, 83 in South Lincolnshire, and 80 in Norwich.

HOW THE GLASS WENT UP

Readings taken by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra in London were:—

	Sun.	Shade.
9 a.m.	68	64
11	69	77
Noon	123	76
2 p.m.	107	76
4 p.m.	107	76
6 p.m.	101	75

Twelve hours of sunshine were recorded at Kingsway, London, and 10.7 hours at Kew.

Practically the only ones in all gasping London were the fountains in Trafalgar Square. They afforded a welcome relief from the reek of motor vehicles and tar paving. Small boys paddled in the two basins to their hearts' delight.

One of the few people who looked really comfortable was a lascar seaman, who, with closely-buttoned topcoat, walked briskly up Fleet Street.

Americans spent the greater part of the day consuming mysterious drinks, in which jingling lumps of ice played an important part.

Straw hats appeared, and several gals were seen in the Strand hatless and carrying Japanese parasols.

EAST COAST'S SUN RECORD.

At the coast resorts sunshine was plentiful except in the extreme south-west and west, where less than seven hours were recorded. Along the East and South coasts the majority of places reported over ten hours bright sunshine, while twelve hours were experienced at Lowestoft and over eleven hours at Brighton, Folkestone, Deal, Ramsgate, Southend, Clacton, Walton-on-Naze, Felixstowe and Yarmouth. There were also over eleven hours at Nairn, Montrose, Ross-on-Wye, Guernsey and Bath.

Hot Above the Earth.—An air pilot flying from Manchester to London yesterday declared that the spring heat wave has made the air several thousand feet above earth level so unusually warm that he found his flying clothes uncomfortably oppressive in spite of the hundred-mile-an-hour wind created by his propeller.

Big Clover Crops.—Cheshire farmers state that the crops of clover and meadow grass will be the heaviest known for several years in Cheshire. Fruit will be very scarce in many places.

(Continued on page 15.)

GERMANY'S OFFER ONE THAT CONCERNS ALL ALIES.

JOINT ACTION PLEA.

An important reference to the reparations problem was made by Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, at a Primrose League demonstration in London yesterday.

"You cannot expect," he said, "swift and sudden solutions of situations so complicated as they are in the Ruhr."

"I decline to regard the situation in any spirit of despondency or despair."

The Government, he added, were in close communication with the French and Belgian Governments and their allies.

Whether the offer which had been made by the Germans was good or bad—and there appeared to be a great many people who regard it as inadequate—was a question which concerned them all.

If the Germans were confronted with the views and decisions and action of all the principal Powers concerned, the chances of success would be greatly increased.

The French and Belgian Ambassadors called at the Foreign Office last night to explain the replies their Governments intend to send.

A Reuter message from Paris states that the French reply to the German Note will be handed to the British, Italian and American Ambassadors to-day. It will be presented to the German Embassy this evening.

At the suggestion of Belgium, M. Poincaré yesterday accepted a stiffening of certain passages

KRUPP TRIAL OPENS.

Saluted by Spectators—Charge of Inciting Workers to Riot.

The trial by court-martial of Herr Krupp von Bohlen and his fellow-directors began at Werden yesterday morning.

Immediately the accused entered the spectators rose in a body and saluted them.

Krupp was charged with inciting his workers to riot on March 31, when a French detachment, becoming surrounded by the mob, opened fire, killing twenty of the employees.

The offence, says Reuter, is punishable with death or hard labour.

Herr Krupp said he was in his office on Easter Saturday and was told by another director that sirens were to sound at nine o'clock on the demand of the Workers' Council, because the works' garage had been occupied by the French. At about eleven o'clock someone rushed in and announced that shots had been fired and men killed.

LAUSANNE DEADLOCK.

Ismet Pasha Refuses to Discuss Allies' Proposals.

Complete deadlock was reached at Lausanne yesterday, says an Exchange message, when, without even seeing the Allies' draft regarding the judicial regime of foreigners in Turkey, Ismet Pasha absolutely refused to discuss their proposals.

Ismet constantly came back to the former argument that the Allies, having made final proposals to Turkey on February 4, these could not be changed.

Sir Horace Rumbold, General Pelle and Signor Montagna, says Reuter, will make to-day a collective demarche to Ismet Pasha, with a view to induce him to reconsider his attitude.—Reuter.



Francis O'Connell won the St. George's Challenge Cup for polo stroke, playing off a tie with Dr. O. S. Willing at Sandwich.



Rear-Admiral W. A. H. Kelly yesterday hoisted his flag on the Revenge at Devonport as Rear-Admiral of the First Battle Squadron.

KING AND QUEEN LEAVE FOR ITALY TO-DAY.

Great Welcome to Rome Being Prepared.

OVER 7 RAILWAYS.

For the first time in history, United Italy is preparing officially to welcome an English King.

All the newspapers publish articles welcoming the arrival on Monday afternoon of King George and Queen Mary, who represent the country to which Italy is bound by ties of traditional and never-interrupted friendship, says Reuter.

Their Majesties will leave Victoria at 4.30 this afternoon.

The saloon in which they will travel from Calais to Rome and back is one which was constructed many years ago for the special use of the British Sovereign.

FRONTIER REACHED TO-MORROW.

Special arrangements have been made by the French and Italian State railways to make the journey of the King and Queen comfortable, but at the King's particular request the ordinary continental traffic will be interfered with as little as possible.

Their Majesties will travel over no fewer than seven different railway systems.

At Modane, the Italian frontier town, which their Majesties reach to-morrow evening the royal saloon and the wagons-lit will be attached to the carriages sent by the King of Italy. The route after Modane is via Turin, Genoa, Pisa, Grosseto and Civita Vecchia.

Their Majesties will visit the Asiago cemetery, where, says Reuter, the graves of British soldiers number 3,615. Some graves are at an altitude of 5,000ft., and until a week ago, were under snow.

GIRL'S MURDER CHARGE.

Man's Alleged Confession: "I Did It While She Was Asleep."

Charged with the wilful murder of Nellie Pearce, eighteen, at Cambria-street, Fulham, Rowland Duck, twenty-five, a labourer, was remanded at West London yesterday.

Divisional Inspector Burton stated that at Waltham Green Police Station Duck said:—

"About three weeks ago my wife was good enough to take Nell Pearce in and give her lodgings. This morning I got a razor and cut her throat, put a blanket round her head and put her under the bed."

"Afterwards I washed and dressed the children and came out with them and left them in the care of my wife's mother. I have been drinking all day since."

He stated later, said the detective, that he killed the girl while she was asleep.

The magistrate granted Duck's request to see his wife before he left court.

FIRST EXCURSIONS.

"Take Your Holiday Early" Lure of Cheap Long-Distance Tickets.

For the first time since 1914 a holiday train service is being started this week-end by all the companies to induce the public to avail themselves of the longest days at the resorts instead of waiting till July and August. There will be tourist tickets from London and all the principal provincial centres, long-distance excursion tickets by special trains on certain days for eight or fifteen days at single fare and a third, and frequent day and half-day trips at reduced fares.

DESERTIONS FROM LINERS.

To secure the higher pay offered by American and other steamers, members of the crews of British Atlantic liners are reported to be deserting their ships at New York.

The Celtic which arrived at Liverpool this week, reported a score of desertions and fifteen are reported from the Celtic the week-end. Shortage of labour is the cause of the higher pay.

SIR WM. ROBERTSON NICOLL DEAD.

Thirty-seven Years Editor of "British Weekly."

FRIEND OF BARRIE.

Unique Hampshire Library of 25,000 Volumes.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll, founder and for thirty-seven years editor of the *British Weekly*, and one of the leading publicists of his time, died last evening at his residence, Bay Tree Lodge, Hampstead, aged seventy-two.

His condition had for some time been causing grave anxiety, and Sir William had just selected the Rev. J. M. E. Ross as his successor in the editorial chair.

Born at Lumsden, in Aberdeenshire, he was trained for the ministry of the Free Church. For many years he was known as "Claudius Clear," of the *British Weekly*, which he founded in 1886. In 1909 he was knighted.

He also wrote under the nom-de-plume of "Man of Kent." Under various signatures he contributed thousands of articles.

"I was a journalist," he declared with pride, "before ever I came to London."

The *British Weekly* was a revolutionary publication, designed to disseminate literature and the discussion of literature among the masses.

Five years afterwards Sir William started the *Evening News*, which was the first newspaper with illustrations. In addition to becoming the editor of two journals, he remained literary adviser to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

SOME FAMOUS WRITERS.

Sir William greatly admired Robert Louis Stevenson, and had a special affection for Sir J. M. Barrie, who first won his spurs in Sir William's paper.

Among other contributors to his columns were Walter Pater, Edmund Yates, Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, A. C. Benson, A. E. W. Mason, and Frederick Wedmore.

His library entirely fills two rooms of the rambling old house at Hampstead. It contains about 25,000 volumes.

The most precious book to its owner was the copy of *Vanity Fair*, which Thackeray gave to Charlotte Brontë with a suitable inscription on the fly-leaf. There is also in this library the original manuscript of Barrie's "The Little Minister."

Up to the autumn of last year the *British Weekly* and its editor had been staunch supporters of Mr. Lloyd George. Thereabouts, however, the ex-Premier was severely criticised.

£50,000 FRAUD CHARGE.

Scottish Minister's Son Charged with Forging Stocks and Shares.

A Scottish minister's son, David Chalmers Anderson, was charged at Glasgow yesterday with uttering thirty-five forged documents, involving a sum of £50,000.

It was stated that an Edinburgh man, named Wilson, now dead, engaged the accused as secretary at £30 a week.

After Mr. Wilson's death, it was alleged, the solicitors found that a number of stocks and shares were missing, and they were subsequently found to have been transferred, the signature not being that of Mr. Wilson.

A commission agent said Anderson had lost £1,300 in bets last June at Ascot. He told him (the commission agent) that he had bought a Palais de Danse for £50,000. The hearing was adjourned.

SIR PERCY COX'S RETURN.

Silver Ship of Fortune as Parting Gift at Bagdad.

BAGDAD, Friday. The farewell banquet to Sir Percy and Lady Cox given at the Makina Club on Wednesday by the British communities was a great success.

Sir Percy and Lady Cox, who leave to-morrow for England, were presented with a silver ship of Good Fortune, designed by Omar Ramsden, the famous artist. In reply, Sir Percy said the campaign in favour of evacuation by Britain had been uninformed and had dwindled away. There was now no question of evacuation and the announcement of the Government's policy would be received there with satisfaction.—Reuter.

£29,400 IN 90 SECONDS.

Van Dyck's portrait of Anton Triest was auctioned for £29,400 in ninety seconds at Christie's yesterday, when the Brownlow collection of pictures realised £232,447. Cuyper's "The Maas at Dordrecht" was sold for £18,375, a record price.

"DRY LAW" PROTEST FROM FRANCE

M. Poincaré has sent a vigorous protest to Washington against the decision of the American Supreme Court that foreign vessels must not carry alcohol within three miles of the shores of the U.S.

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Never chips nor wears out. Saves time, temper, and money.

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CURED IN SEVEN DAYS! NERVOUSNESS TIMIDITY, BLUSHING

Are you Nervous? Do you easily blush, feel humiliated in company? Are you embarrassed by repartee or "razzling"? Are you often tongue-tied, shy, self-conscious? Do you get "the wind up" easily over trifles? Are you soon exhausted? Start the New Year well! Don't be handicapped by any nerve or heart trouble. Blushing, Insomnia, Depression, Lack of Confidence, Twitchings. You can be cured permanently in 7 days, gain self-confidence, will power, and be a success in everything you undertake. Let me show you "HOW." Full, information, advice FREE. If you mention "Daily Mirror." E. M. DEAN, 12, All Saints Road, St. James-on-Sea.

Vanities for Women

MAY DREAMS AND RIVER WISDOM.



A scarf or veil worn this way would protect the neck from sunburn.

MAY, sweetest and tenderest of months, so fresh and young and unspoilt, with its fat green buds on the trees, and the soft, shy-eyed things that peep at you from the hedgerows, brings its dreams.

EVERYBODY'S DREAM.

Dreams of pacing velvet lawns wearing the perfect summer frock and the perfect summer hat with something flannel-clad and devoted by your side. Dreams of leafy backwaters and a much-bushioned punt; you, a picture in the fern, wearing the river frock of your heart, and the aforesaid devoted one doing all the work! And it's when you rush to your last summer's wardrobe that you wake up with a start.

UNEXPLAINABLE!

Why is it that the summer frocks you wore so little last year, and put away so confidently for the next, never, never look the same? Have they changed or have we? Is this limp-looking, spotted frock that won us so many personal triumphs? And this crestfallen organdie, did we or did we not create a mild sensation in it? How impossible, how dowdy they look! Well, there is nothing for it but to ring up our favourite (for the moment) modistes and start all over again. So much for our May day dreams.

RIVER WEAR.

All of which goes to prove that in selecting our summer wardrobe, especially that destined for river wear, we should aim for effect, and shun the over-elaborated, expensive toilettes. 8 yds m e r clothes wear



This hat, covered with printed silk, has the appearance of one of the fashionable hand-painted ones.

harder than winter ones. Better a one-and-elevenpenny-a-yard crepon made in the latest colour and style that can soon be discarded than something wonderful in hand-embroidered georgette that looks "all poky" the following year.

PHILLIDA.



He: "I should never have thought these old patent shoes would have polished up so well. That Cherry Blossom White Boot Polish has made them look as good as new again."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH WHITE (FOR PATENT LEATHERS).

Also put up in the following colours:—

TONETTE: A lovely shade of Mahogany Brown.
DARK TAN: Imparts a beautiful Nigger-Brown shade to leather.
DEEP TONE: Stains leather a rich, deep tone—very attractive.

In 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Tins.

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Is the superior wax preparation which gives such a rich finish to Furniture, Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum.

SOLD IN TINS 4d., 7d., 1/-, 1/6.

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Special Sale, Monday Next

Rich French Silks

Crepe de Chine & Marocains

Offered considerably below cost of production. Hundreds of bargains, a few of which are quoted here.

PATTERNS POST FREE

Lot 1. HEAVY QUALITY SPUN SILK

CREPE de CHINE for soft Lingerie. Washable. These goods are slightly imperfect in the finish, which is hardly noticeable when made up. The substantial allowance made by maker enables us to sell at this wonderful bargain price. In the following beautiful shades: Pink, Helio, Apricot, Sky, Lemon, Vieux Rose, Sand, Electric, Brown, Maize, Jade, Champagne, Beige, Orange, Royal, Navy, Grey, Lime, Dark Brown, Saxe, Turquoise, Nil, Ivory and Black. 38 in. wide. Usual price 6/11

SALE PRICE, per Yard **3/11****Lot 3. STRIPED CREPE de CHINES**

Superior quality all Silk Crepe de Chines, heavy weight for stylish and useful gowns, white grounds, latest fashionable stripes and styles. Black/Grey, Flame/Saxe, Flame/Navy, Grey/Jade, Pink/Saxe, also White with one colour stripe. 39 in. wide. Usual price 9/11 and 10/11

SALE PRICE, per Yard **6/11****Lot 4. PRINTED CREPE SUEDE**

All Silk Printed Crepe Suede, known as French Government Silk, beautifully printed in many new designs in beautiful colourings, on grounds of Natural, Navy, Grey, Saxe, Tan, Jade, Brown, Amethyst, Cherry, Pink, Lilac, Lemon; specially suitable for Summer Frocks, Tennis, Boating and Juvenile wear. 27 in. wide. Usual price 2/6

SALE PRICE, per Yard **1/9****Lot 5. PRINTED SILK HONANS**

Fine quality real Silk Honans, beautifully printed in many designs and colourings to suit the present fashion. Natural grounds, predominant coloured prints. In Saxe, Jade, Orange, Navy, Royal and Green, Saxe/Cinnamon, Jade/Amethyst, Jade/Royal, Jade/Orange, Jade/Flame, Lemon/Flame, Electric/Gold, etc. 33 in. wide. Usual price 8/11

SALE PRICE, per Yard **4/11****Lot 6. FANCY TUSSORE SILK**

Very fine quality Silk Tussore in neat fancy Armure Weave, very strong and washable. In natural Tussore shade only. 31 in. wide. Usual price 5/11

SALE PRICE, per Yard **2/11****Lot 10. SILK FOULARDS**

Fine French Twills, all Silk, in the latest Egyptian and Oriental designs. Coloured grounds of Saxe, Brown, Grey, Black, Navy: White grounds with Royal, Cerise, Emerald, Brown, Black, Navy. 39 in. wide. Usual price 8/11

SALE PRICE, per Yard **5/11****Lot 12. CREPE DE CHINE**

Produced in Lyons. Wonderful bargain. All Silk, specially dyed and finished, reliable in every way for Gowns, Jumpers, Lingerie, Juvenile wear. In the latest French shades, including Turquoise, Peach, Joff Blue, Sapphire, Peacock, Petunia, Orange, Almond Green, Amber, Teal, Reseda, Salmon, Nut Brown, Cinnamon, Rust, also Ivory and Black. Double width. Usual price 7/11

SALE PRICE, per Yard **5/11****Lot 21. CHIFFON TAFFETA**

Superior quality, recommended for hard wear, all Silk and soft finish, in the following shades: Pink, Lemon, Putty, Grey, Silver, Amethyst, Jade, Saxe, Vieux Rose, Nut Brown, Cinnamon, Mastic, Dark Brown. 38 in. wide. Usual price 7/11

SALE PRICE, per Yard **4/11**

Carriage Paid on 10/- orders.

WM. WHITELEY LTD.
QUEENS ROAD, LONDON, W.2

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1923.

OUT OF IRAQ?

ARE the taxpayer's troubles in Iraq—better known to him as Mesopot—at last in sight of solution?

At least it will be a satisfaction to him to hear that the Government have fixed a contingent limit of four years to our occupation of the deserts. That is better than the former "mandate" for twenty.

There's many a slip, of course, in prospect! There are hints of "new agreements," of complications with the League of Nations, of Britain's responsibilities being dependent upon Iraq's ability to "stand alone."

But in any event it is something to be told that our agreement with the Bagdad Government will lapse "within a period of four years after the ratification of the Treaty with Turkey."

Another inducement to ratify that Treaty without delay!

And meanwhile the occupation may be shorter, if Iraq enters the League of Nations with due formality.

"NO SERVANTS."

YESTERDAY we had the first public sitting of the Women's Committee, recently appointed to inquire into a subject that concerns so many housewives—the effect of Unemployment Insurance on the supply of domestic servants.

Two hundred thousand women wanting jobs: thousands of other women desperately advertising for servants! What light on that paradoxical position from the Committee's investigations so far?

We are told that in the case of an applicant "refusing suitable employment" she is "liable to have her benefit stopped."

But what machinery exists to ascertain whether an applicant has or has not "refused suitable employment"? And what is the definition of "suitable"?

So many of us feel that we are suitable for nothing but the ideal job! Apparently domestic service rarely appeals to the idealists.

And other explanations yesterday turned upon the "changed social habits" that make domesticity repellent.

For instance, the "improved standard of education" has (as usual) resulted in a general sense of superiority to home-keeping tasks. This impression is said to have been reinforced by a desire in parents "to let their children have a better time than they had themselves." But might it not be suggested to parents that unemployment and long hours in industrial work hardly constitute a "better time" than domestic service might provide under present conditions of demand and supply?

For the rest, we are reminded that Labour Exchanges "do not get the same type of girl as the best type of Registry Office."

That prompts us to suggest that the Committee should investigate the operations of some types of Registry Office—not the best.

If they do so, they may light upon some instructive facts about those that stimulate mobility amongst servants and invite discontent—in order that the resulting fees may improve the business of "exchange."

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 4.—Climbing annuals make a brave show of colour in the garden and are useful for covering fences, pillars and arches.

The climbing nasturtiums will grow almost anywhere, but in order to obtain plenty of flowers they must be set in poor ground; time rubbish, mixed with the existing soil, will do good.

Then there is the favourite "canary creeper"—a pretty plant for window boxes—and the graceful annual hop.

E. F. T.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Houses Without "Parlours"—Property Victims—At the Private View—Streets Up—The Sporting Parson.

SPORTING PARSONS.

As a rule, I have not found that the so-called "sporting parsons" are deeply religious men.

One reason may be that much "sport" is concerned with the killing of animals, and I do not think this is compatible with Christianity.

ANGLO-CATHOLIC.

THE ROADMENDERS.

"W.M." is rightly sarcastic on the subject of street excavations, but he might have made more of the terrific condition of Oxford-street, which has been "up" for many months.

Another point to make about these obstructions is that several authorities seem to have the power to command them.

There is a bit of street near the Brompton-road end of Thurlow-square, Kensington, which

DO THEY WANT PARLOURS?

ONE must agree with your correspondent, "A.W.L.," that working-class women do not want parlours in their houses. It is bedrooms that are wanted more than parlours.

How can we expect growing children to be healthy if they are crowded into one bedroom every night?

A sensible working-class woman with a large family would doubtless turn her parlour into a bedroom. After all, it costs a great deal to furnish a parlour, and it is very seldom used.

KENNINGTON, S.E. A WORKING-CLASS WOMAN.

THE PRIVATE VIEW.

I WAS much amused by your cartoonist's picture of Farmer Giles at the private view of the Academy. Few women, indeed, seem to go to see the pictures, but find it a great oppor-

DOES BROADCASTING AFFECT OUR THEATRES?

THE PERFORMER ON THE SLACK WIRE



OUR DUMB ACTORS



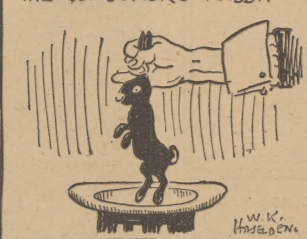
THE GENTLEMAN WHO DEALS IN FIGURES



THE LADY IN A NOT VERY PROMINENT POSITION IN THE CHORUS



THE CONJUROR'S RABBIT



AND "SERAPHINA" OF THE MARIONETTE PLAYERS



A few stage favourites who can afford to snap their fingers at the supposed competition of wireless.

has been up and down, so to speak, for a year. It was first taken up, and then put down again, then, when we thought all was over, it was taken up again.

M. T. L.

TELEPHONES ON THE STAGE.

YOUR cartoonist makes fun of the stage telephone, but surely we have a good deal to be thankful for in that implement of communication which has superseded the soliloquy, the "aside," and the tedious reading aloud of the laboriously written letter-theatrical devices which immediately destroyed any atmosphere of reality which the play might have, prior to their introduction, succeeded in creating.

R. B.

59, Bridge-avenue.

HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?

OUR inventions would be more tolerable if they were not forced upon us.

But most of us are, in these days, practically compelled to have telephones. And many of us cannot get away from our neighbours' gramophones.

Will there come a time when business needs similarly force us all to carry wireless "receivers" in our pockets? Horrible thought!

A BUSY MAN.

TIME SAVED AND OCCUPIED.

WHENEVER inventors devise something to save time someone immediately invents something else to occupy the time saved!

Perhaps that explains the fact that we always have something to do, in spite of well-meant efforts to give us more leisure.

M. C.

tunity to show off their new summer gowns or hats. Therefore one only hears such remarks as "That was a wonderful frock," and "What a sight!" instead of comments on the pictures.

Chelsea.

AN ARTIST.

"SWEET SOLITUDE."

THERE are times when we all, both men and women, prefer to be alone—whether in the theatre or on a shopping expedition.

I, for one, prefer to go away for my summer holiday alone, and nothing pleases me more than to wander about in "sweet solitude" on the beautiful and bracing Sussex downs.

It is nothing to be curious about, "Curious Man," if you see women in shops or theatres alone.

E. D.

AN INJUSTICE.

THE whole country is awaking rapidly to the monstrous injustice which it is now sought to perpetrate upon the small property owner in the form of a gigantic increase in income tax assessment.

Might I ask the favour of your valuable columns to suggest that every person affected should (1) lodge notice of appeal and (2) write to his M.P. urging him to oppose this grave menace by all legitimate means within his power?

Argyle House, Hackbridge.

PERCY J. MAGGS.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.—Montaigne.

WHAT TO SEE AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THIS YEAR'S GUIDE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

By OUR ART CRITIC.

OVER fifteen hundred exhibits at the Academy this year! Obviously one can only give honourable mentions to a few of the more remarkable.

But, after a careful, headsplitting study, one has the predominant impression that this year's is rather a tame show, compared with last.

For last year, the usual "academic" atmosphere was relieved by Mr. Augustus John. This year he has to be seen at the Alpine Galleries and the New English Art Club. He is absent from Burlington House. Nor are there any portraits as "sensational" as last year's two of Lady Rockavase, by Sargent and Sims.

Mr. Sims, however, has an attractive canvas of the two sons of Mr. Ellis Hajim, Mr. Glyn Philpot—the new R.A.—a portrait study called the "Little Dancer"; and there is a good assortment of celebrities—Sir E. Marshall-Hall, Lord Birkenhead, Bishop Well-ton, the Dean of St. Paul's, and Lord Berke-ley.

This last (by Sir William Orpen) is a "bit of old England" in his most self-confident manner—the sporting model being arrayed in his best yellow huntsman's coat, a brave piece of colour.

The qualities of paint—the Chelsea point of view—in these portraits did not concern the crowd at the Private View yesterday, which included several of the models. They commented only on the (in some cases) photographic likenesses.

A STRANGE ALLEGORY.

The show this year is not very remarkable for the usual conundrum pictures—for you cannot count, under that head, such pieces of solid grouping as Mr. Flint's "Dellaquants" (Room 8), which shows a couple of magnificently-built Spanish peasants about to be scourged by the other members of what may be a secret society of brigands. An amusing picture—as is Mr. Alfred Thompson's "Lady and Gentleman" (Room 11)—Hamstead Heath gentry both, engaged in the consumption of stout.

It is Sir William Orpen, however, who will presumably supply the sensation of the year in his strangely-conceived allegory called "To an Unknown Soldier in France" (Room 3).

Here we have Sir William's brilliant painting of a gilded official hall like that in which he once showed us the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. But it encloses the strange spectacle of two attenuated, symbolio Tommies in their metal headgear, with their wounds showing under their striped bandages, as these ghosts watch over the flag-covered coffin of the Unknown.

Skeletons at the gilded feast of victory? And you get a touch of irony in the derisive Cupida who flutter above them, as the painters of the great days of Versailles might have shown them; while, far at the end of the magnificent corridor, stands the bare outline of the Cross.

Yes, this will be the picture of the year—if one must choose one. I have lingered so long before it that I can only mention the D. Y. Cameron landscapes, as well as the very beautiful "Waiting Harvest" (No. 130, Room 3), by Mr. Arnesby Brown.

Barker & Dobson Chocolate Brazils

are rightly preferred to all others. They are made only from the large white kernels of fine whole nuts and coated with the delicious plain or milk chocolate used in "Viking Assorted."



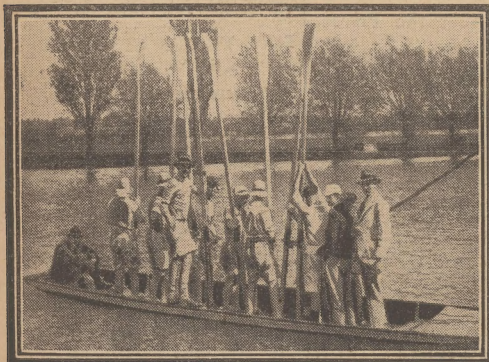
Sold by weight at 1/3 per lb. and 1lb. boxes at 5/- These make handsome gifts.

BARKER & DOBSON, LTD. LIVERPOOL & LONDON.

FORTHCOMING RIVER FESTIVAL

AT THE SAVOY

VETERAN SOLDIER'S FUNERAL



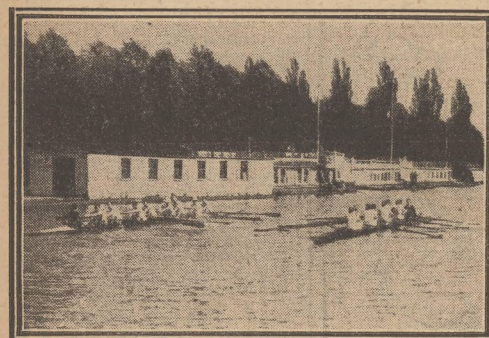
A college crew crossing the river. Panamas are favoured.



M. J. Savroni, the new manager of the restaurant at the Savoy Hotel, London. He has had great experience in his business both in the old world and the new.



The military funeral at Gillingham of Mr. Robert Coward, a Crimean veteran and son of a Life Guardsman who fought at Waterloo. The old soldier was in his ninety-second year.



Getting into shape for the "Eights Week" contests.

College crews are very busy at Oxford putting the final touches to their form in readiness for the "Eights Week" water carnival.



A ROYAL PROGRESS.—Strawing flowers in the path of the May Queen, Miss Mary Whitelock, at the Rhyd May festivities. The procession from the promenade to the Pavilion was charming.



SOUTHEND BELLES.—Enjoying their first sea-water dip of the season at Southend. The sudden advent of genuine summer weather made a host of visitors and residents take to the water in order to get comfortably cool.



ON GUARD!—A swan defending its nest from an inquisitive terrier in the park at Poole, Dorset. The dog speedily found discretion the better part of valour.



PROMISING YOUNGSTERS.—Judging couples at Ringwood beagle puppy show. The young competitors won the warm approval of the spectators and taxed to the utmost the discrimination of the judges who had to weigh their relative merits.



LIFEBOAT'S TRANSPORT TEST.—The lifeboat Hauxley, Northumberland, making a practice trip in order to test the efficiency of its horse transport over the rough tracks which have to be traversed. A launch from an awkward bit of coast followed.



"Anthony Gordon," who is acting in "Sweet Lavender," is Mr. Gordon Watney, the famous motorist.



Miss Denise Welby, daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Welby, is one of the season's debutantes.

THE PRIVATE VIEW.

Pictures and People—Superfluous Film Girls—New Note in Fiction.

IN THE GRILLING HEAT under the glass skylights at the Royal Academy celebrities of the political, artistic and social worlds bravely "did" the Private View yesterday. Mr. Asquith arrived just before lunch, Lady Grey of Fallodon, in the new almond-green, Lady Mond with her daughter, Lady Erleigh, Candida Lady Tweeddale and Lady Curzon of Kedleston were amongst the morning visitors.

Society and Stage.

I noticed the Duchess of Sutherland scrutinising the portrait of the Duke in its corner. Miss Lilian Braithwaite was having a talk with Mr. Fred Kerr, and Miss Lena Ashwell and Sir Gerald du Maurier and his daughter were others there, as well as Miss Megan Lloy George, looking very nice in a red hat.

Novice at Seventy-Two.

Mrs. S. A. Barnett, widow of the late Canon Barnett, who founded the White-chapel Art Gallery, arrived at the Academy all in a flutter to see her first picture, painted at the age of seventy-two, and accepted right away, a record performance, surely, since she did not commence the picture till six weeks ago.

The Queen in the Corner.

The portrait of the Queen by Mr. W. B. E. Ranken caused some surprise. Her Majesty is shown, dressed in mauve, seated in the corner of a large room, and the question was asked whether the artist had intended to give the room or the sitter the more prominence. As a portrait the effort is insignificant, though the chairs and tables are very nicely done.

The Duchess.

Another picture of popular interest will be that of the Duchess of York by Mr. St. Helier Lander. In hanging this picture the committee seem to have been a little torn between the claims of art and the importance of the lady. The result is that the canvas gets a fairly good, but not prominent, position. Like the Queen, it is in a corner. The artist gives us a pretty girl with black hair, bright eyes and ruby lips, dressed in a vivid green gown.

Absentees.

The Open portraits are a feature of the exhibition, and another feature, if one may so put it, is the fact that several famous painters are not represented at all. These include Mr. Augustus John and Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

P.R.A.

The President of the Royal Academy of Arts in London (to give it the official title) is Sir Aston Webb, the architect, monuments of whose skill are to be seen in various parts of the country. He designed the new front to Buckingham Palace, the Admiralty Arch, and completed the Victoria and Albert Museum. His own house is one of those delightful "period" houses in Queen Anne's Gate.

Academicians.

In spite of the sour grape talk in advanced art circles the rank of "R.A." remains a most coveted distinction. There are less than forty Academicians, including architects and sculptors, and less than thirty Associates. The Senior Associate is Mrs. Annie Swynnerton, who was honoured last year at the age of seventy-six, and is the only woman to figure in the list since the time of George III. She has a picture in this year's exhibition.



Sir Aston Webb.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

The Pictures.

The pictures could hardly be called an exciting lot, but there are certain innovations. Mr. Charles Sims is so fond of painting cherubic children that he cannot give them up, even though he has become a fashionable portrait painter. Thus in "The Sons of Ellis Hajim, Esq." (226) one finds two dark-eyed little boys disporting themselves on a window-sill with no clothes on.

Mixed Political Party.

The Curzon mansion in Carlton House-terrace has surely never before seen so motley a collection of guests as those at the Primrose League party. Lady Curzon, wearing a high diamond and pearl tiara, received several hundred, some of whom wore fine jewels and smart frocks, while others were in tweeds as to the men, and in ordinary day clothes as to the women—all, however, sporting the badges and orders of the Primrose League.

A Woman Wit.

Mrs. Edward Clayton, who was at Newmarket for the Spring Meeting, is bringing her daughter up to town for the season. Miss Clayton is a very popular girl, but, like her mother, prefers country life to the joys of town. Mrs. Clayton was a great friend of the late King, and she has a great reputation for wit.

"The Starlit Garden"

Ivy Duke and Guy Newall, whose latest picture, "The Starlit Garden," will shortly be seen at the cinemas, are strongly of opinion that our climate is not so bad as it is painted! In an endeavour to get some sunlight they went off to Rapallo in Italy, hoping to film all they wanted in a fortnight. They found the weather so bad that it took nine weeks, including three weeks' forced confinement to the hotel.



By the way, these clever people are starting film production under their own management, "The Starlit Garden" being the last they will make under the George Clark regime.

Lord Beatty's Car.

Amongst the people out and about yesterday I saw Lord Beatty in his car in Piccadilly. Lord Beatty almost always drives himself, and on this occasion he was at the wheel, with his chauffeur sitting comfortably on the back seat of the motor.

San Marino's Representative.

I met M. Savroni, the new manager of the restaurant at the Savoy Hotel, and greeted him as sole resident representative in London of the Republic of San Marino. M. Savroni is a man of ideas, a man of culture and vision, and the Savoy can be congratulated on placing him in charge of the restaurant. He came to London in his youth to make himself acquainted with all those things demanded for successful hotel management. From the Berkeley Restaurant he went to the Ritz Carlton in New York, and after some years in the United States—in which time he launched Savroni's Café—he came back here to manage the Parisian Café at the Berkeley.

A Restaurant Diplomat.

Now he has been installed at the Savoy, and I prophesy a successful career for him. He is familiar with Europe, and with skill can deal with all those problems that daily confront the big restaurant manager. I regard M. Savroni as a diplomatic smoother away of difficulties. The comfort of his clients is almost a religion with him. You can safely put yourself in M. Savroni's care.

Comedian's Spoonerisms.

The late C. H. Workman played in Gilbert and Sullivan so long that occasionally he had a lapse. His favourite aberration was to "spoonerise" his lines. For instance, once, as Jack Point, he spoke of "self-constricted riddles," instead of "self-constructed riddles." Again in the "Pirates" he inquired, "Do you mean to say you would deliberately rib me?"

Baron de Tuyl.

Baron de Tuyl, who is seriously ill, is the Duchess of Beaufort's son by her first marriage. The de Tuyls are a Dutch family, but well known in London. The late Baroness de Breen was an aunt of Baron de Tuyl, and so too is Countess Lützow, whilst Lady Sheffield and Mrs. Cyril Ward are two of his cousins who have married Englishmen.

French Country House.

Lady Cromartie and her son have been in France staying with Lady Millicent Hawes at her pretty country place. Lady Cromartie is a niece of the late Duke of Sutherland, and she and Lady Millicent have literary tastes in common.

The Quirinal.

The Quirinal Palace in Rome, which is to be the temporary home of the King and Queen while they are in the Italian capital, is one of the finest buildings in a city of fine buildings. It runs along one whole side of the street in which it stands, and, apart from its interior, which contains some wonderful frescoes, is also famed for its gardens, which are laid out in the conventional Italian style.

Thackeray's London.

A book on "Thackeray's London," which has just been published, should prove of interest to all students of Victorian London and Victorian literature. Its author, Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor, has made the West End his special subject, and his published writings include "Knightsbridge and Belgravia" and "Wanderings in Piccadilly."

New Treasure Story.

Lovers of romantic fiction will welcome a new story of treasure trove into which a love theme is charmingly interwoven in the place of the usual pirates and sunken galleons. This is the form of Mr. Clifford Hosken's attractive new serial which begins in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*. "The Treasure of Truce Haven" is a story of the type which appeals to old and young alike.



Hon. Mrs. Russell, wife of our new Minister to the Vatican.



Baron de Tuyl, son of the Duchess of Beaufort, is lying seriously ill.

Five Thousand Film Girls.

Those young women who think that film acting is the quickest pathway to fame and fortune will be interested in what Mr. Jeffery Bernard, head of the Stoll productions, was telling me yesterday. He says that he has a waiting list of over 5,000 trained artists available whenever wanted. Girls who come with film school qualifications are not accepted, as in most cases the producer has to undo nearly all that the aspirant has learned at a so-called cinema school.

An "Impressive" Sight.

London playgoers will welcome the announcement that Barrie's play, "What Every Woman Knows," is to be revived. This play it is which contains what is perhaps the most frequently quoted of all Barrie's epigrams: "My lady, there are few more impressive sights in the world than a Scotsman on the make." The play was originally produced at the Duke of York's on September 3, 1903.

Irish Peace.

I hear from a Dublin correspondent that delicate preliminary negotiations are going on behind the scenes in regard to Irish peace. This accounts for the silence of the Government and David Eireann in regard to Mr. de Valera's "peace" offer.

Larkin!

They tell a story of Jim Larkin's reception in Dublin. "Speech, speech!" roared a hundred enthusiasts as Larkin bowed his acknowledgments from Liberty Hall. "No," chimed in a humorous gentleman with a lusty voice, "Sing, Sing." THE RAMBLER.

Matters of fact about Soap

Pears'

In 3 Sizes
 BIJOU MEDIUM LARGE
 2½d. 4½d. 7d.

PEARS' WHITE OPAQUE SHAVING STICK
 Puts your razor on its honour.

Pears'

TRANSPARENT SOAP

Matchless for the Complexion.

The purity and excellence of Pears' Soap have received testimony from famous skin specialists. . . . Many hospitals use it *exclusively*. This is proof of its value

BADLY UNDER THE WEATHER



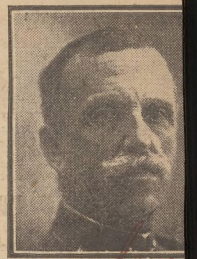
Lizzie, one of the Polar bears at the London Zoo, finds the warm weather very exhausting. She and her mate, now honeymooning, are inclined to be quarrelsome.

LESSONS IN THE OPEN AIR

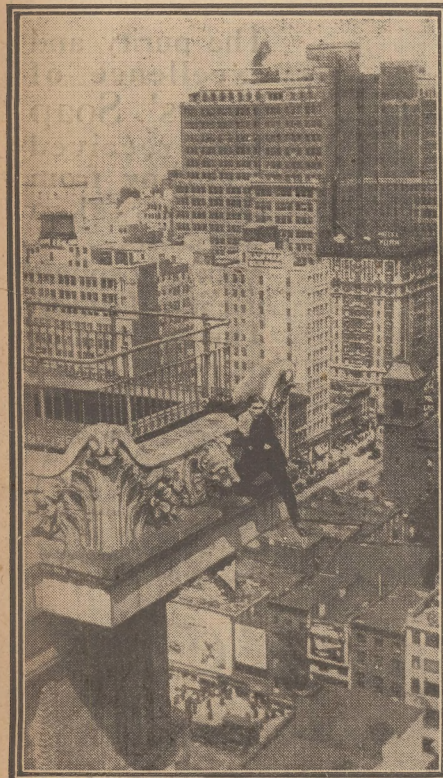


A class at the Queenborough Council School basket making in the open air. Warmth and bright sunshine make the lesson more attractive and far more beneficial to the boys' health.

ROYAL VI



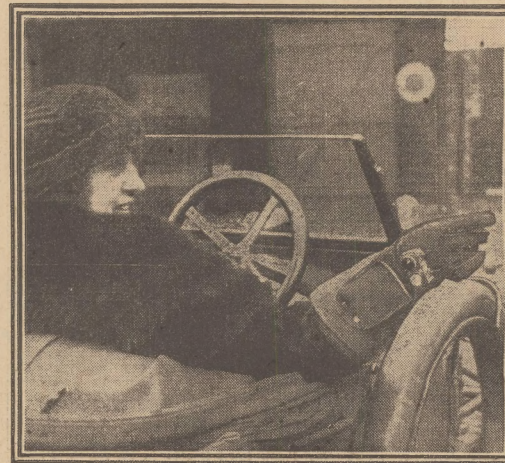
The latest photograph of King of Italy, who will be host of the King and Queen the Quirinal Palace in Rome during their visit to the capital of Italy.



"MOVIE" THRILLS.—Carlo Aldini, of the Aldini Film Company, Berlin, gives an exhibition of his powers as a producer of "thrills" on the top of a New York skyscraper.



Maj.-Gen. Francis Edward Archibald Chalmers, a veteran of Indian Mutiny service, whose death has just been announced.



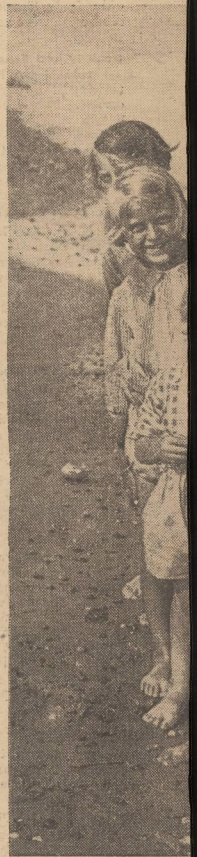
NOVEL HAND LIGHTS.—A new illuminated gauntlet glove for motorists, invented by an automobile engineer of Enfield. Red and white lamps on the back can be instantaneously switched on and off.



P.O. BOYS' BADGES.—The new badges on cap and tunic worn by Post Office messenger boys. Postmen also have new badges and black instead of brass buttons on the renewal of their uniforms.



BOWLER'S DEBUT.—Ronald Lowe, the new Surrey left-handed bowler, who made a brilliant first appearance for his county at Cardiff. He is only eighteen years of age. He took 5 wickets for 15 runs.



A HAPPY BAND.—Six sunshine and the surf at complaints a



Albert Rose, the Long Beach (U.S.A.) life-saver, awarded Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroism. He has rescued seven hundred people in danger of drowning.

ROME THOROUGHLY GOOD PALS



en of Italy, their
daughters. She is one of
the daughters of the
late King "Nicholas,"
who, now annexed to
Yugoslavia.



babies enjoy the
they have no com-



Kenyon-Slaney, who
Joan Mulholland,
Javan, as Lady-in-
Princess Mary. She
of Lord Lascelles
Lord Bradford.



Little Miss Margaret Tibbley, of Venice, California, with her pet, Shooting Star. The bird insisted on sharing lunch in a school playground, and this firm friendship was the result.



2,650 MILE FLIGHT.—Lieutenant John A. Macready (left) and Lieutenant Oakley G. Kelly, of the U.S. Army Air Service, who made a non-stop flight across the U.S.A., from the Atlantic to the Pacific, passing over the Rockies on their way.



NEW DANCER.—Miss Gwendoline Elphin, the charming young dancer who makes her first appearance at the Regent Theatre, London, to-night in "The Insect Play," produced by Mr. Nigel Playfair.



FIRM SUPPORT!—A mere man pressed into service for the signing of a pledge of support at Deal, where housewives are waging a vigorous campaign against high prices for necessary household commodities.

IRELAND IN THE HEAT WAVE



Two Irish lasses dispensing welcome coolers to the troops on duty at the State entry into Londonderry of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn (inset).



Mr. James Sexton, Labour M.P. for St. Helens, who has accepted a local brewery company's invitation to test its beers.



IN FIGHTING FORM.—V. Pascall, of Trinidad, getting into fighting form at Lord's. He is one of the strong cards of the West Indian cricket pack, from which great things are expected during the coming season.

IN CASH PRIZES
GET YOUR POSTAL ORDER TO-DAY
COMPETITION CLOSING SHORTLY

WINTER GARDEN—2.15, 8. THE CABARET GIRL.
Dorothy Dickson, Leslie Henson. Th and Sat, 2.15.
WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS."
A New Play. 2.30, 8.15. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
COLISEUM—(Ger. 7540.) 2.30, 7.45. Nora Bayes, Offen-
bach Folies; John Coates; Nomi and Horace, etc.
GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME—7.45. Dorothy Ward,
Bluma Glenville, Blaney and Farrar, Fred Duprez, etc.

Walters' "Palm Toffee" is simply home to-day—you'll be delighted, and so economical. Be sure the

Palm Toffee" is printed upon every wrapper as
your guarantee of quality and

Makers: J. Pickering & Sons, Ltd.,
Sheffield.

1900

£2 12 6—Valuable Violin in perfect condition, extremely fine solo instrument, sweet, mellow tone, with special bow; fitted in shaped case; worth £12 12s.; week's free trial; sacrifice, £2 12s. 6d.

DAVIS and Co. (Dept. 12), Pawnbrokers, 26, Denmark Hill, Camberwell Green, London, S.E. 5.

10	Coropseas, yellow	1s.	12	Polyanthus	1s.
8	Gaillardias	1s.	12	Sweet Williams	1s.
20	Giant Pansies	1s.	12	Columbines	1s.
20	Cornflowers	1s.	20	Pink Silene	1s.
10	Fuchsias	1s.	3	Lavender	1s.
20	Forget-me-nots	1s.	12	Coloured Primroses	1s.
6	Lupins	1s.	4	Climbing Hops	1s.
6	Foxgloves	1s.	10	Sweet Rocket	1s.
20	Double Daisies	1s.	6	Carex	1s.
12	Canterbury Bells	1s.	12	Gypsophila	1s.

“Palm” Toffee

Walters' Palm Toffee® is simply grand! Take some home today—you'll be delighted. It is so delicious and so economical. Be sure the name "Walters' Palm Toffee" is printed upon every wrapper. It is your guarantee of quality and perfection.

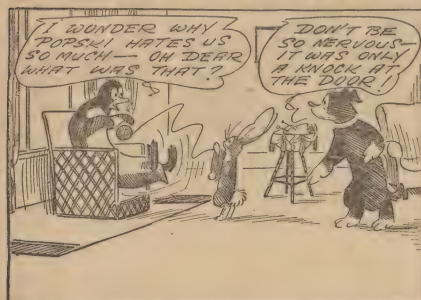
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PIP AND SQUEAK

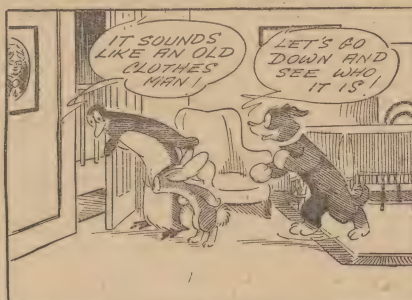
SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

No. 82.—PIP AND A WATER-JUG BAFFLE POPSKI AND HIS MASTER.



1. When Squeak heard the loud bang on the door she nearly jumped out of her skin.



2. "Don't be so nervous," said Pip. "It's probably only an old clothes man."



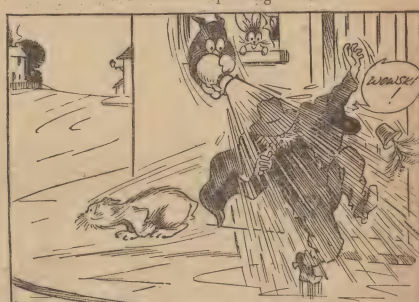
3. But when the pets peeped over the bannisters they heard someone speaking Russian!



4. "Quick! it's Popski's master!" Pip shouted. "Fetch me the water-jug, Squeak!"



5. Outside the house were Popski and his master, the pets' Bolshevik enemies!



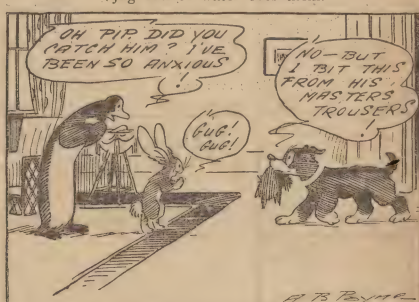
6. Pip dashed to the window and promptly poured a jug full of water over them.



7. "Grrr!" he barked, leaping out after the fleeing villains. "I'll teach you!"



8. A number of other dogs joined in the chase, and the "Bolshies" fled for dear life.



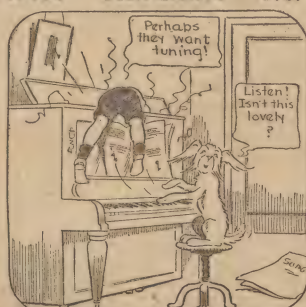
9. At last Pip triumphantly returned to say the rascals had been completely routed.

"I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 12.

Herbert investigates the inside of a piano, and, as usual, has a very unpleasant interview with Father afterwards!



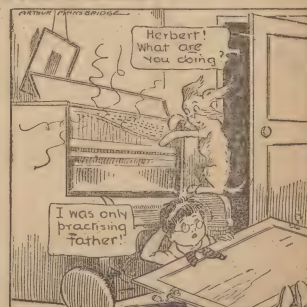
1. Herbert was practising the piano, and he wondered why the notes were all out of tune.



2. So he decided to have a peep inside the piano, and find out the "reason why."



3. Unfortunately, as always happens with poor Herbert, something went wrong!



4. The piano was quite spoilt, and Herbert's father had quite a lot to say on the subject.

A MOTOR HORN
HELPS THE MICE

BIRD RACERS.

Flying Faster Than an
Express Train.

DID you know that some birds can fly faster than a train going at sixty miles an hour? The carrier pigeon, one of the swiftest "racers" among birds, has been known to outstrip an express.

Eagles are also remarkably quick, and can cover eighty feet in a second. That means that while you are saying "Hey, presto!" an eagle will have flown eighty feet away! You can imagine how quickly it can swoop down on some luckless hare fleeing from its talons!

Some birds—such as the albatross—can not only fly at a tremendous speed, but can also go on flying for hours without tiring. Swallows can move very swiftly when they want to

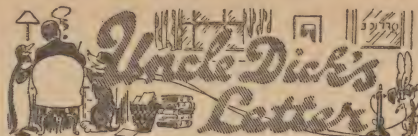


A pigeon racing an express.

catch a nice fat gnat, but they will not go far, except in the spring, when they fly all the way from Africa to England, or the autumn, when they do the return journey.

Many birds have not attained the perfect flight of the gull, swallow and the graceful plover. A partridge cannot sail up into the air with a few strokes of the wings; it furiously beats the air for some time, making a tremendous pother, until it gets up speed; then it will go soaring off on stretched wings.

Wrens are not good flyers, and, if you watch a til, you will see its wings fluttering all the time in an effort to keep up. Some birds, of course, have lost the power of their wings, or, like the penguins, use them as paddles to swim with.



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, May 5, 1923.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

It has been an exciting week. What with Popski's attacks on them and their thrilling journey to Oxford yesterday (where they went to cheer up the undergraduates), the pets felt quite exhausted. Pip has already begun to wear a worried look, and I'm sure if there are any further excitements Squeak will have hysterics or something. Wilfred, luckily, is too young to be anxious about anything for long, and is rather inclined to treat the whole Popski affair as a jolly game.

Before they started for Oxford (they had a great time there, by the way, and met hundreds of friends en route) the pets had the shock of their lives.

An enemy (no doubt Popski's master), disguised as an old clothes man, tried to get into the house, evidently with the intention of kidnapping one of them.

"ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS."

Pip's prompt action with the water-jug baffled the villain's attempt, and Popski and his master were ignominiously chased through the streets by an army of yapping dogs. Unfortunately, they escaped, but Pip came back with a piece of clothing in his mouth, which showed that the strange man had not got off scot-free.

These repeated attempts to interfere with my pets cause me a good deal of uneasiness. Of course, I am making every effort to bring the villains to justice, but it is no easy matter. Meanwhile, poor Squeak lives in a state of nervous dread, and the slightest noise makes her jump up into the air.

However, my investigations have not been fruitless, and I hope to put a stop to this persecution once and for all. Perhaps I shall have some news for you on Monday.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

PUZZLE CONTEST.

Solve the Mystery—
and Win a Prize.

EACH of the little pictures you see here represents the name of some well-known English bird. See if you can find out what they are, and



then make a neat list of them on a card.

For the correct and neatest solutions I am awarding the following splendid cash prizes:—

First Prize £2 10 0
Second Prize 1 10 0
Third Prize 1 0 0
Forty Prizes of 0 5 0
Forty Prizes of 0 2 6

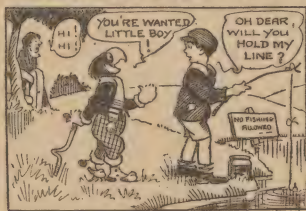
Send your entry, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick (Birds), "Pip and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 29, Boulevard, London, E.C.4. Only children under sixteen may enter this puzzle competition, the closing date of which is May 12.

Try your best, boys and girls. It may be your turn to win a prize this week!

THE TWO LITTLE
DUCKINGS PLAY

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

Our friendly little parrot will take care not to hold little boys' fishing rods again!



1. When the little boy who was fishing in a forbidden stream saw the gamekeeper—



2. —he got poor Horace to hold his line for him. Our simple parrot agreed.



3. Then the gamekeeper arrested poor Horace for fishing against the law.

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY.



BY CYNTHIA GORDON.

FOR NEW READERS.

Pamela, Paul and Babs are staying with Professor Pigeon, a mysterious man who is always disappearing. One day they follow him to a room, where they find a funny little green door in the wall.

THREE "PIRATES" AT SEA.

THE three children looked at each other in astonishment. Then Pamela, being the eldest, spoke first. "Well!" was all she could say.

"By gum!" added Paul.

"What a extraordinary thing! It's like a real true fairy tale—a little green door in the wall! Why, there must be a secret passage or something!" burst out Babs, who, though the smallest, always had more to say than either of them.

"What beats me," said Paul, "is that Professor Pigeon must have crawled through that door. Now, how did he open it?"

They examined it carefully, but not a trace of handle or keyhole could they find. "Isn't it exciting?" giggled Babs, gleefully. "Papa you have to say a magic pass-word—'Open, seame!' or something like that. And I praps there's a treasure-chest's chamber inside, or—"

"Don't be silly," said Pamela, polishing her glasses, as if that would explain the mystery. "Paul, there's only one thing for it. You must ask the Professor at dinner-time."

Silently they crept away; and at dinner that day Paul waited for a favourable opportunity of mentioning the little green door. The Professor was more than usually thoughtful; but at last

Paul broke in with: "Oh, Professor, we found such a funny little green door in—"

Professor Pigeon gave a sudden start. "Little green door?" he repeated. "Nonsense, boy. You've been dreaming!"

"No, he hasn't," declared Pamela. "In the room on the landing—"

"My dear child, you will put your elbow in the rice if you are not careful!" said the Professor mildly. Then suddenly he went on, as if to change the subject: "By the way, kiddies, I have been wondering if you would care to go for a picnic to-day. The sky's as clear as you could wish; a day on the Downs would do you good. Mrs. Wiggs will give you some sandwiches, and I dare say there's half a crown in



"The water's pouring in!" cried Pamela. "There's a great hole in the boat!"

my pocket which might supply a few more eatables."

"Oh, Professor, you're a darling!" cried the girls; and Paul stammered some polite thanks.

Immediately after lunch they set out, laden with sandwiches, cakes and fruit, and at the village grocery they expended their half-crown on some delicacies of the sweet and ginger beer order.

It was a glorious May day. The merry little birds filled the air with music and the distant cry of a cuckoo seemed to invite the children to come away to the woods.

During most of the afternoon they were Red

skins, tracking palm-faces through the dark pinewoods, and their tea was eaten in a "wigwam" which grown-ups would no doubt have merely called a holly-bush. Later on the three children became explorers and chased startled rabbits to their burrows; but when, towards sunset, they came across the narrow river winding beneath a shoulder of the Downs, they promptly developed into bold and adventurous pirates.

Pamela was just in the act of cutting Babs' bobbed head right off her little shoulders (with an imaginary cutlass), when suddenly Paul shrieked out: "Quick! Come—look! I've found a boat!"

The two girls rushed to the water's edge, and there, sure enough, half-hidden in the reeds, was a delightful little dinghy. It was old and battered, and there was only one scull; but still, it was a boat.

"It's just the thing for pirates!" said Pamela. "Come on, board the Jolly Roger!" and she sprang lightly in.

Paul and Babs did not wait to be asked twice; they also went "on board." Paul cut the rope and pushed off with the scull, and away went the little dinghy, caught in the rapid stream.

The children were too excited to speak. Paul did his best with the one scull, but the stream was too strong, and the little boat went whirling round and round, pitching and tossing as if it had been really at sea.

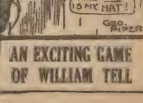
"I say, the water's pouring in!" said Pamela, putting her feet on the seat. "There's a great hole in the bottom!"

"My hat, so there is!" gasped Paul. "Why ever did we come? I'll get her into the bank before it's too late."

He stood up and thrust the scull into the water, but the action sent the boat spinning round, and Paul slipped to his knees. There was a splash, and the scull went gliding away down the river!

"Oh, what have you done?" cried Pamela in alarm; and Babs began to cry. The banks on either side got further and further away as the boat went drifting along; and all the time the water was steadily rising inside her.

(What will happen now? Another thrilling instalment next week.)

TO SPEND A
HAPPY DAY.

A DEBT OF HONOUR

By MAY
EDGINTON



"I found out what I wanted to find out; that I am supposed to be. My name is not Silver. I have a great inheritance. I've been cheated of it I've got it now!"

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

ANNA LAND, employed as forewoman at the Garnet Printing Works, London, lives alone in two little rooms, which, mean though they are, she has made her home. She is visited by her sister Lucia, Mrs. Aveline, a woman twenty years older than herself, who has had three husbands and is rich in worldly possessions.

Anna has only seen her sister once since she was a tiny tot of four—eighteen years ago. The contrast between the two sisters is marked—Lucia, rich, restless, pleasure-loving, striving to offset her material success against her spiritual poverty; Anna, young, pure, idealistic, willing to sacrifice everything to self-expression, which in her case is music. Lucia wants to arrange a good marriage for her young sister, but Anna will have none of it. She is persuaded that her own way in life is better than her sister's.

Anna has a friend, Bertie Silver, manager of the Garnet Works, a strong, saturnine individual, who loves her passionately. Anna tells him she is not ready for marriage yet; her career is all in all to her. King Garnet, owner of the Garnet Works, meets Anna and displays interest in her. Silver is jealous. He hints darkly to Anna that Garnet's position may not be so secure as it appears. Later, Garnet drives Anna to Richmond and they dine and dance. On returning, Garnet enters Anna's room for a moment and there he finds Silver. A dangerous antagonism develops between the two men.

Anna pacifies them and promises to dine with Silver the next night. He turns up for her in a car and with strange evidences of riches, and confides that he has a great secret to tell her.

SILVER'S SECRET.

THIS was the hour for which Silver had waited. Anna prepared herself to listen with an ardent glow of interest, of eager curiosity. "It's an exciting world," she remarked as she leaned, receptive, over the table towards him. And he laughed:

"You may say so soon." He slipped his port and set down his glass. He interlocked his fingers and looked down at them. A smile twisted his mouth and left it preternaturally grave. But it was the gravity of some inner pain and pride that filled him almost unbearably.

"You see a difference in me, Anna." She was looking curiously. "Yes; oh, yes!" "What do you see, I wonder?" "You feel extraordinarily free to-night—careless, big, as if nothing mattered to you." "You see plainly—dear—no, let me talk to you how I like. This is my great night." He leaned over. Their absorbed faces were near each other. "Anna, I am a very rich man."

"How wonderful! How thrilling! How glad I am!" "Aha!" "But you're going to tell me more?" "Of course. What else are we here for, toasting ourselves in wine? I have been investigating my circumstances for a long while. When I start nosing a thing out, I nose it out very thoroughly. I'm a thorough man. I got on to old trails and went back along them till I'd reached what I was looking for."

"How mysterious!" she breathed impatiently. "I found out what I wanted to find out; that I am not whom I am supposed to be. My name is not Silver. I found out that I have a great inheritance. I've been cheated of it for years, but I've got it now."

"Your name is not Silver?" "It is Garnet." She caught her breath. "Gar—"

"You may stare. And I own the Garnet Printing Works."

"Mr. Silver."

"Garnet, please. I own the Garnet house; cars, furniture, plate, linen, they haven't a darned stick!"

He smiled.

"How?"

Silver put his clenched fists with a soft thud on the table. "Like this. I was brought up to believe myself a nobody's child. My mother

died early. I never knew what money she'd lived on—I was just a kid—look it for granted—we weren't rich, anyway. She died. Someone came along and provided for me and educated me."

"When I was sixteen I saw old Garnet for the first time that I could remember, and he told me he had a job for me at his works. I took it. And I've kept it. All I understood was that he was a friend of my mother's, and had promised her to look after me. That was a good enough tale for me when I was young and innocent."

"A month or two after my mother's death he married his second wife. Well, she was his first as far as the world knew. And he had a son and called him 'King.' King of a fine kingdom he is! I laugh—"

"Don't! . . . Wait . . . I've staggered you a fairly. But listen to some more. I remember my mother. She was sweet. Anna. Not the kind of woman you—"

"I'll tell you—"

"But—I've done it! They were married in a little church in a little country village where nobody knew them, and they never lived together openly at all. But when I was born he made a will in my favour. All for me!"

"Did they love each other?" murmured Anna, her imagination aflame.

"I bet he loved her all right once. He didn't pass on any of the love to me. . . . But the big point about it all is, Anna, that he died without a new will. Now, listen, Anna! I had an uncle—"

"A scallywag chap—but he loved his sister. He knew the story—and he'd had a bit of money out of old Garnet for what he knew, no doubt. That's neither here nor there. What is both here and there is that he knew a bit of law—my uncle. And he knew a second marriage revokes all previous wills. He gets old Garnet on the carpet—my uncle—and he makes him have that will re-dated—and—whatever's necessary, y'understand, Anna, so it stands! It stands! And my uncle kept that will. He did! Said to old Garnet, I dare say: 'You dare to make a second will, my fine fellow, and I'll spill a dirty scandal all over you and yours.'"

"Old Garnet was proud; he was puritanical. Fine Puritan! Laugh! However, let's proceed. My uncle died suddenly—heart failure. When old Garnet heard of that, we can guess he intended to make a new will and leave me right out. But—he never did! As I tell you, he died without a second will!"

"Actually! Some of these big hard men feel so secure. Meant to make one, I dare say, after my uncle's death; his lawyers say that a draft was already drawn up waiting for him to sign; but it never was signed. He was killed in a motor accident, as you know. And—I have—all—the money." His voice rose and yet was faint. "I've had it for nearly twelve years and haven't known it."

Her imagination, all aflame, was not occupied with Silver at all. It had rushed strangely, surging, to Garnet. She could see the straight and careless eyes, the big frame of an athletic boy that was yet as hard as a man's frame; she could hear his laugh. She cried:—

"Has he been told?" "He soon will be. Very soon! He's been spending my money for nearly twelve years, he and that useless mother of his; while I and my mother took whatever was thrown to us! Yes, I'll break the news, and I'll break it to-night!"

"To-night!" He nodded. "I will. My lawyers have the whole thing in hand, but I take a personal interest in enlightening King Garnet myself."

"Do you mean he has nothing?" "His wearing apparel. He's got a good wardrobe."

"His mother, too—"

"She has a good wardrobe also. Oh! they've not stinted themselves."

"And everything else—"

"Is mine. Get it into your head."

She exclaimed: "What will they do?"

Silver said dryly: "He wouldn't be the first healthy, strong young fellow who's had to work for his mother."

"Work—yes."

"Work. Like you and I have worked."

Anna could hear herself saying to King Garnet, while his hurt, eager eyes looked into hers: "If you were penniless to-morrow you could not keep yourself alive for a week by the labour of your hands or brain."

She believed this. Tragically she guessed it true. But she surprised herself by crying in a ringing voice:—

"Well, he will work. Of course he'll work."

"There's no alternative, I fear," replied Silver, in a sleek voice worse than anger. And he looked down at his closed fists lying on the white tablecloth and smiled.

"Congratulations me," he said, glancing up at her.

"I do con—"

she began, and the words stuck in her throat. His eyes fastened on her.

He saw the new white agitation in her face and that her candid eyes held fear now.

"What is the matter?" he said.

PRIDE OF VICTORY.

AND suddenly she knew that she was afraid for Garnet. Afraid to see him put into the ring—afraid of the performance he was going to put up.

He had the weight and the strength and the punch, but had he the heart? She quivered to his need and, woman-like, wanted to cover up in some good disguise the probabilities of his speedy and shameful defeat. She wanted to utter a glib defence, true or false, of King Garnet, of all that he was and was not.

She tried to deal sternly with herself, while her heart beat fast.

"Come!" said Silver, incredulously and angrily. "You're not sorry for him?"

"No," she said, after a pause. "No, I'm not. Only—"

"Come! You don't tell me that worthless fool has made any effect upon you, Anna? You, with your clear brain? You don't tell me that? If you do, remember, I am Garnet now. I stand in his shoes, take his place. He passes right out."

"I'm beginning to understand it."

"I have the money—everything—now. It is I who can give a woman what she wants, not Garnet. When I think how, only a week ago I was raving mad with jealousy of him! And now I don't fear him any more. He—passes—right out."

"It will be a big blow for him, this."

"Has he not the capacity to take blows the same as other people? Is he so tender?" After waiting for her reply, which did not come, he went on: "He is! He is tender! You know it! He'll crumple! Lily-handed fool! Well, let him learn. Let him learn a trade and use it, in the painful ways better men than he have learned before him."

"Listen. You're vindictive."

"I am not vindictive. I am dead fair."

After a pause, she asked: "What'll you do with the money?"

He stared. "Do with it? Girl! What do men do with money? Make it—spend it—"

"Yes, but your views. You are a good Socialist. You think—"

Silver was hit right in the mouth for a moment by this simplicity. Then he laughed and shifted

in his chair and growled: "I can go on upholding my view, better than ever, can't I? I'll have a good position to speak from now. I shall stand for Parliament perhaps, on the side of Labour. I can do a great deal, let me tell you—"

He beckoned to Paolo and paid his bill, tipping lavishly.

Anna smiled at him and shook her head slightly and reproachfully. He was dazzled by the soft haze of her eyes, thinking the luminous melting was for him; but in reality it came from the abstraction into which his words had briefly sent her. She had a way of falling into deep thought over some sudden revelation made by some person. Was Silver already forsaking his gods?

Were the gods of great vengeance, like his, so easily flung down, so swiftly dethroned more than ever she would cling to the image she had set up.

"It has been an extraordinary evening," she said, and shook herself out of these abstractions to look at him shinning, radiant with her interest in life.

"A beautiful evening, Anna?"

"A delightful evening. I've adored it. A thousand thanks."

"It's not over yet."

"But—"

"Say this evening has meant as much to you as it has to me, dear girl."

"I think it has," she answered kindly. But she knew its meanings had been very different. She went to the dressing-room, slipped on her coat and came delicately, dreamily out again to Silver.

"They entered the car. He gave an order. 'What was that you said?' she asked as they moved away."

"I've told the chauffeur to drive out somewhere—anywhere—so that we can talk. We could have gone back to your place and talked there. I knew—if you would have permitted it—but—but, d'you understand, I want to feel rich all this evening, every minute of it. This car's the richest room I have yet, and, such as it is, I ask you to it. I offer it to you."

"We shan't go very far, shall we?"

"Why not?"

"Working day to-morrow."

"That is all over, Anna, if you will. Any moment you will."

He spoke with ecstasy and grandiloquence. He loved her—and was conscious of the tremendous values he offered. As soon as they ran into the park—for they were crossing it to leave London—he took her forcibly in his arms.

Another fine instalment will appear on Monday.

Like Pure Chocolate

There's a refreshing delicacy in the flavour of Fry's Pure Breakfast Cocoa—the flavour of pure, delicious chocolate.

Fry's is nourishing—energizing and sustaining. When appetite fails, you can rely on it to keep you going. Remember its history of nearly 200 years continual improvement.

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Industrials generally were a little easier, with Bleachers 51s., Radios 16s., 6d. and B.A. Tobaccos 94s. 6d., Niger prefs. 19s., Bass 37s. 6d. In the Newspaper group Associated deferreds were steady at 8, *Daily Mirror* 6 15-16, *Sunday*

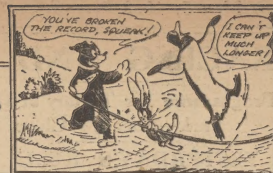
A Summer Competition for Children on Page 12.



Boys and girls who would like—

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



—to win a prize, turn to page 12!

DIVORCE SUIT ECHO



Major Joseph Teale, a mining engineer, whose wife yesterday sought a judicial separation. A petition by him for divorce in 1921, citing Commander Peckham (inset), was unsuccessful.

COPING WITH THE SERVANT PROBLEM



The first meeting, at Montague House, Whitehall, yesterday, of the committee appointed to inquire into the shortage of domestic servants. On the right is Mrs. E. M. Wood, who presided, and beside her is Mrs. Winttingham, M.P.



Miss Nellie Pierce, whose body was found with a wound in the throat in a tenement house at Fulham.



Sir Gerald du Maurier arriving.



Mr. Fitzgerald, a curate at Mordlake, has won £1,625 in the third "Golden Ballot."

ST. GEORGE'S VASE



Francis Ouimet, the U.S. golfer, won the St. George's Challenge Vase by one stroke at Sandwich yesterday, when he played off a tie with Dr. O. S. Willing.

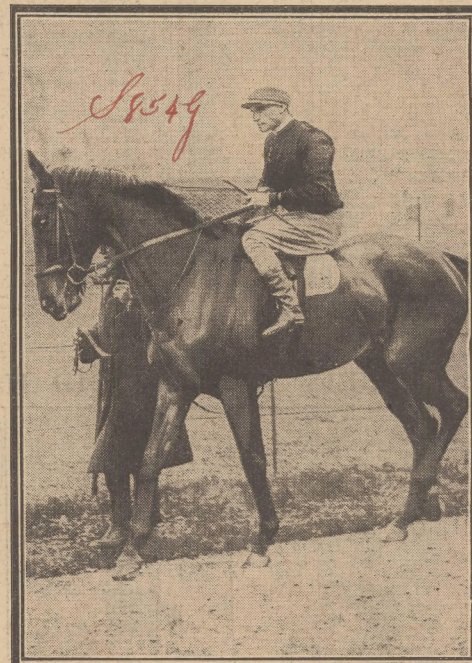


BELGIUM'S ROYAL GUEST.—King Alfonso (left) driving with King Albert through the streets of Brussels during the visit of the King and Queen of Spain to the Belgian Court.



Earl Beauchamp (left) with Mr. Ernest Thesiger, leaving.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The private view of the Royal Academy was held yesterday. (Daily Mirror photographs).



FAVOURITE'S WIN.—Lord Derby's Tranquil, with his jockey, E. Gardner, winner of the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket yesterday. Cos was second, Shrove third.